

into the fire. Do you not  
 hear how  
 they are shouting like fools ?  
 The  
 whole town has gone mad,  
 and is  
 lighting her festival lamps  
 at the  
 funeral pyre of her own  
 sacred faith.

*Supriya*

If you must go, take me  
 with you.

*Kemankar*

No. You remain here, to  
 watch  
 and keep me informed. But,  
 friend,  
 let your heart be not drawn  
 away  
 from me by the novelty of the  
 false-  
 hood.

*SupAya*

Falsehood is new, but our  
 friendship  
 is old. We have ever been  
 together  
 from our childhood. This is our  
 first  
 separation.

*Kemankar*

May it prove our last! In  
 evil  
 times the strongest bonds  
 give way.